

## SCOUTING.

LAST Saturday my brother and I took four boys scouting. He has been reading "B.-P.'s" book on "Scouting." We went into the country (Stoke, Devonport), and I and three boys climbed up a sort of tor which is all wooded up the sides till quite near the top, and set up a flag in the open. Two scouts afterwards tried to break through our lines and take the flag without being caught. The defending party were not allowed to be nearer than forty yards to the flag. It was rather exciting, as shelter could be taken behind rocks and trees. The scouts were caught. Of course, another time the attacking party should be more than the defenders.

Then the defenders were told to try and reach a cottage much lower down the hill, where we were to have tea. We gave three a start to conceal themselves somewhere on the way to it, and then the three attackers started to try and break through their lines. I escaped one, but was caught by another. Then we tried all sorts of scouting tests on the way home. We were told to observe most carefully certain birds we saw, and were questioned on them. Two were sent on ahead to conceal themselves not more than five yards off the path; and one we actually could not find; he was up a tree. I was found after some time in a ditch. They tried to trace me by any tracks I had left, but that was too difficult. My brother, who was captain, thought of a very good idea to keep the boys out of the mud and wet. We had to make our way over rather wet ground by the river, so he suggested we should all try who could get over the bad bits of ground with fewest tracks. It was most difficult to hide one's tracks.

When it is very bad weather we arrange something for the hard high road. For instance, the point one afternoon

was to judge distances. Each child had to say in turn what he thought a certain distance was. The distance was then paced and judged and finally measured. Then the children would be told to walk fifty yards from a certain spot and then stop. The distance was then measured, and the child who was the nearest counted one point. They also had to pace measured distances to find out how accurate their pacing was. It is wonderful how far from the mark some of their ideas of distance are.

Another occupation for an unsettled day is to go a short round of a mile or so and make a plan of the route on return. We find it more successful if they make a few notes on the way and consult a compass. We had some very good plans of a circuitous route last time. Boys on the whole are more successful than girls at this, and some of the quite little ones are quite equal to much older ones; one little boy of seven is really splendid. The most exciting expedition we had last time. Three children were sent to a place five minutes in advance of the others, and from that place they had to try and get home unseen and uncaught if possible. The rest of us divided up into three parties to waylay them, and two of the parties spied them creeping along a hedge and followed them nearly all the way home unseen. However, the tracked ones caught a glimpse of their pursuers behind a farmhouse, and concealed themselves for a long time underneath a raised barn, where they could see but were not seen, and finding a suitable opportunity, dashed out and rushed home without being caught. (There were five people on their tracks, so it was well managed.)

## A MODEL FARM.

We have succeeded in buying six acres of very good land, and we have great ideas of working out the Small Holding Problem. We shall build a house and model buildings and keep the very best of stock, a little of everything, work the land with a bit of plough ground for root crops and corn—in



fact, do everything on a miniature scale. When we get it into working order, we hope to teach the boys of the school to handle horses, to plough and sow—in fact, to do everything connected with a farm. We have farm hands as a rule so raw they have no idea how to take care of a machine or a cow, and farmers will not trouble to teach them more than they are quite obliged, so, unless they are real sharp, the youths never get any further, and are very little good to those who employ them.

#### AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

At the Franco-British Exhibition the most interesting thing I have seen is the glass-blowing. No machinery is used whatever. One hand continually twists the rod on which the glass is, and the other hand moulds by means of instruments. They were making big "punch" glasses with spiral-shaped stems. The difficult part is to get all the exact shape. Each glass takes twenty-four hours to cool. The compound of sand, red lead, and chemicals must "bake" for forty-eight hours before it can be used.

Could anyone supply the name of a moth found in Somersetshire? It was a lovely pale green, and about half-an-inch long. No more details of it are to hand.

#### SUMMER SCHOOL OF MISSIONARY STUDY.

THIS August I spent one week at a Mission Study Camp, organised by the Mission Study Council of the Churches of Scotland. The camp was held at Bridge of Allan, about three miles north of Stirling, and was conducted in a very businesslike manner. The men lived in tents close to the large meeting-tent; the women were more comfortably housed in two large boarding-schools which had been taken for the week.

The mornings were given up to hearing Model Missionary Study Circles, which much recalled Criticism Lessons, Bible Readings and Institutes, the latter very practical meetings in which anyone who had anything to say said it. The afternoons were devoted to excursions, tennis, and amusements generally, and we met again in the evening for addresses on various subjects.

The week was full of pleasures and interests, but it is as necessary to leave a Conference as to attend one, and we were made to feel that the success of the Conference lay in its future results; and its future results depend, not on the organisers of this very successful Conference, but on each one who was present.

The Mission Study Council exists not so much to send out more missionaries, but to provide that, as far as possible, every intelligent person may realise the responsibilities of our empire in this matter. This would seem a large undertaking, but the method is practical and businesslike, and I very much hope that some students will see their way to promoting the work. Interest is raised by means of a Mission Study Circle.

A Mission Study Circle was instituted in the United States, where it has become a great success. A few friends—the



number should not exceed six—agree to meet for an hour once a week for eight weeks to study a missionary book. The book is written specially for the purpose, and no trouble is spared to make it as perfect as possible. The text-book for this year is "The Desire of India," by Dr. Surendra Kumar Datta, who, needless to say, is able to write of his own personal knowledge of India's needs. One chapter is read each week, and the leader of the Circle gives one question to each member to be answered as fully as possible by the next meeting.

The leader's work is certainly difficult if the Circle is to be a success, but very full helps for leaders are published by the Council. The members of Circles may, and probably will, come very unwillingly, and in a spirit hostile to missions. This does not matter at all; discussion is thereby promoted, and knowledge of facts can be counted on to rouse more enthusiasm than hours of talk.

The "Desire of India" (price 2s.), also the "Helps for Leaders" (price 6d.), can be obtained at the office, 100, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, and I shall be delighted to give further information to anyone who cares to write to me. Present students will be interested to know that I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Brown at the Summer Camp.

In conclusion, I would say, if a Circle appears impossible, read the book for pleasure, one chapter at a time, it will repay the effort. The work abroad is chiefly held back, not by want of money, not by lack of men, but by the ignorance of people at home.

E. S. MENCE.

## COROT.

AFTER six months spent with the Italian painters, we have this term a very different subject for our picture talks. A greater contrast than that of Botticelli and Titian with Corot would be hard to find. The world has moved away from the days of the Italian Renaissance, and Corot's pictures show us how men's minds have changed with the times. With the old masters we found religion the ruling thought which underlay their art—the desire to teach preceding the desire to please. With Corot all is changed; he worships the goddess Nature, and all else fades to nothingness before her charms. We leave behind all emotion and passion; here all is peace, and we feel something of the serenity and quiet joy which marked the life of the painter.

Corot was born in Paris in 1796. His boyhood was passed in obscurity, and he seems to have shown no signs of genius. On leaving school, the young man became apprenticed to a draper, whom he served for eight long and uneventful years, following conscientiously, if without enthusiasm, the calling chosen for him by his parents. Corot might have lived and died a draper, had not the consciousness one day flashed upon him that his employer required him to deceive and outwit his customer. His trade, always distasteful, now became unbearable, and he determined, in spite of opposition, to leave the shop. So the world lost a draper to gain an artist.

From henceforth Corot was absorbed in his art, and all the restlessness of the days in which he lived and the convulsions which shook France passed by him unheeded. Corot showed himself to all gentle, kind, and generous even to a fault, but perhaps the keynote of his life was an intense love of nature, which he studied with patience and reverence. His works speak for him as nothing else could do. He was no